

FEW DESIRE TO HEAR

Professor Adams' Masterly Lectures on the Railway Problem.

QUESTION OF STATE CONTROL

His Sketch of Railroads and Other Internal Improvements in America. What Has and Is Being Done.

Prof. Adams talked to empty chairs last night, though the audience was a trifle larger than that which listened to his former lectures. Men who are financially interested in railroads and other internal improvements were conspicuous by their absence. After calling attention to the history of railroad management in Europe, as given in his last lecture, he said he thought the impression must have been taken possession of his hearers' minds that the railroad industry was a peculiar one and essentially an industry of the present century.

"I wish first of all to call your attention," said the speaker, "to the relation of the government to the industry of transportation. To do this I must rapidly run over the history of the United States. We have held varying and conflicting ideas of the policy which should be followed. Those who now advocate government ownership are not advancing a new theory, but one which was advocated in the earliest days of this government. It came in with the strong federal sentiment which came into power with the birth of the nation. I wish right here to say that sentiments change so rapidly on this subject that no one can be sure that the sentiment which prevails today in favor of government control will be lasting. All we can do is to study the question and be prepared to act wisely when the time does come that a settled policy is to be carried out."

It's an Old Subject.

"The railroad era came in, as you well know, in 1830, but the government had been troubling itself about internal transportation long before steam was applied as the motive power. It was to be expected that the party of internal construction would drop government control, but we find that when Jefferson came to be president the policy of internal improvement by the government was continued. Albert Gallatin, secretary of the treasury under Jefferson, submitted a scheme for internal improvement which comprehended all of the settled portions of the United States. He proposed a turnpike road from Albany to Atlanta. He also planned for the government to build canals across the peninsula of the Atlantic coast so as to provide practically an inland waterway for ships from Boston to the coast of Georgia. He proposed to improve the rivers of the east coast as far as possible, to build turnpikes over the mountains, and to improve the tributaries of the Ohio river so that it would be possible to send even heavy freight from the seaboard to any point along the Mississippi and Ohio rivers. There was an annual surplus in the treasury of \$20,000,000, and it was proposed to take the money and make some great improvement, sell the completed work to some corporation, and with the proceeds continue to make other improvements. The war of 1812 prevented the great plan from being carried out. At one time the question of internal improvements was the leading question in a presidential campaign, but the veto of the Cumberland road bill by Jackson put an end to the clamor for internal improvement. Both presidents held that it was not the province of the federal government to control internal improvements, but that it was the province of the sovereign states.

All Wanted Railroads.

"In 1830 a new era began and with it came railroads. From 1830 to 1850 the states experimented with the question. In 1830 the first legislature established a commission for internal improvements. This commission surveyed four lines across the southern part of the state and would have provided one mile of railroad for each thirty voters. But, as a result in 1832, the people clamored for a railroad to their back door and no representative could be returned the second term who had not secured a railroad for his constituents. In other states the great activity in this direction was noticed.

"In this period the Erie canal was built and in ten years it had not only paid the expenses of operation, but had paid the original investment. When this was known all the states wished to have a great canal system, but the railroad came and the canal was no longer so profitable. It was in this period that New York became a cosmopolitan metropolis.

"In 1842 Michigan declared that it had seen enough of internal improvement by the state. In the state constitution adopted or amended about 1848 and later, the safeguard was placed in the constitution that the state should not lend its credit for the furtherance of private enterprises or for internal improvements. Michigan was the only state, however, in which a municipality could not issue its bonds to aid a private enterprise or a public improvement. The result of the withdrawal of state aid in building railroads led to the formation of great corporations. I do not wish you to understand that all the internal improvements have been done by private capital alone. State and national and municipal aid have been given to all railroads. The great gifts of land to the great railway corporations are well known. In 1880 the municipal bonds given for the aid of railroad building amounted to \$280,000,000.

Government Interference.

"The discrimination shown by railroad companies between local and through freight has again called for government interference, and it has been decided by the courts that the government has the right to regulate the railroad industry as peculiar. The idea that railroads

must be controlled by commissioners has become prevalent, and of that bunch of the subject I will speak in my last lecture.

The next lecture will be held one week from tonight.

Real Estate Transfers.

Lemuel Cushman and wife to Mrs. Anna Hart, lot 1, 1/2 1/2, Jones' sub. \$400
Mrs. Anna Hart to Mrs. Esther Haddad, and 1/2 lot 1, 1/2 1/2, Jones' sub. 300
Joe C. McKim and wife to Maggie Nichols, lot 6, South Grand Rapids 300
James McCord to James McCord, lots 11 and 12, 1/2 1/2, Campbell & Underwood's add. 800
Stefan Paulsen to Eva S. Paulsen, a 40 ft lot 38, E. W. Moore's add. 450
Paul V. Finch to John E. Kenning, lots 27, 28, 29, Hunter's sub. 1,300
James M. Turner and Thos. V. Carroll and wife to Geo. N. Davis, lot 1, 1/2 1/2, Davis, Turner & Carroll's eighth ward add. 1
Walter E. Moore to Norman A. and Eva J. Jones, lots 6, 7, 8, 9 and 30, Horton & Kortland's sub. 2,800
Elmer C. Cross and wife to Frank W. Cross, place land on sec. 26, Gaines' 200
James W. Griswold and wife to John and Charles Young, place land on sec. 26, Gaines' 700
Johanna From and Adrian From and wife to John From, place land on sec. 24, Grand Rapids. 500

Marriage Licenses.

The following is a list of the marriage licenses issued since last publication, with the names, ages (when out of the city) and ages of the parties.
Abraham Gildhof and Cora Van Boen. 27-21
J. Albert Lundberg and Cecilia A. Johnson. 24-22
Herbert E. Shepard and Millie Irwin. 24-21
Thomas E. Price and Anna C. Hayes. 23-21
Kenneth Dykewer and Kunnegunda E. Smolenska. 27-27
Bert A. Ruggles and Augusta A. Kaser. 24-21

State News in Brief.

Barney Julius' clothing store, at Vick'sburg, was burglarized Wednesday night, the thieves gaining entrance through a rear cellar window, and cutting through two doors. They took a miscellaneous collection of clothing. This is the third successful attempt at burglarizing Mr. Julius' store in two years, each time the thieves making a good haul.

At a meeting of Coldwater business men Tuesday night a committee of three, composed of H. J. Woodard, B. S. Stafford and T. H. Hilton was appointed to report the route, salary and locate the boxes for the new night patrol. Another meeting is called for Friday evening.

Two young milliners will mark an era in their lives by walking from their home in Michigan to the world's fair, a distance of 134 miles, the journey to be made in fourteen days. They will start June 11, avoid all large towns and make the trip a sort of mammoth picnic.

The State Crossing board will make an investigation of the recent boiler explosion on the Toledo & Ann Arbor road at Onondaga today. It is denied by the railroad commissioner that he has not been doing his duty by failing to inspect the road.

Clapp Bros. saw and planing mill at Vicksburg, caught fire Wednesday morning from the boiler, but the fire was put out before much damage was done. Their plant and machinery is valued at about \$5,000 and they carry no insurance.

The Macabees of Long Rapids are in hard luck. Their new hall, which was well on towards completion, was blown down by the storm of last week. "Never say die," is their motto, and work on rebuilding the same has already commenced.

Marshall's big sturgeon, which has been in innocent cause a number of spankings for the school boys of that city, is dead. The boys used to play hockey and go to the park where it was kept and tell fish stories.

George Chapman and Newton Steele were arrested Tuesday evening at Coldwater, charged with burglary. The two boys and two others are charged with stealing brass from Combs' mill.

John Robert or Bloomingdale, Van Buren county, has commenced suit against the Chicago, Jackson & Mackinac Railway company for \$30,000, as damages for the loss of a leg.

Benjamin Culver, the senior member of the firm of Culver & Co., furniture dealers, died Wednesday morning at Reading aged 72 years. He was widely known and highly respected.

The University of Michigan exhibit will occupy 3,000 square feet of floor space in the liberal arts buildings, besides considerable space in the Michigan state building.

The old paper mill at Dundee has been purchased by Wright Bros. of Toledo, managers of the Burch plow works. The mill will be put in operation at once.

Sixty-seven University of Michigan students have engaged with the Columbian Wheel Chair company, and will spend the summer vacation at the world's fair.

Iron Mountain gamblers are supposed to be good hands in their lines of business, but the other day a Florence sport struck town and beat them out of over \$5,000.

Fruit growers up in Mecosta county are tickled over the continued cold weather. They claim that it keeps back the fruit buds till all danger of frost is over.

Vicksburg has been undergoing a temperance revival. As Vicksburg has five saloons and 1,200 people a temperance revival is not out of order.

An Interview.

Featherstone—What do you think of this red, old man? I called on your friend, Miss Penstock, in it last night and made a great impression. By the way, she says she wants to see you.

Ringway—She probably wants me to apologize for having introduced you.—Clothing and Furnisher.

His Air.

Father—How much do you expect to spend a year on my daughter's clothes? Sister—She can have my salary if that will help you out any.—Club.

Encores.

"I didn't see Charlie Littleman at the reception yesterday afternoon."

"He was there, but he was behind a chrysanthemum."—Vogue.

OH, FOR A DAY OF SPRING!

Oh, for a day of spring,
A day of flowers and bells,
Of birds that pipe and sing
And laughter's melody,
I could not grieve the loneliness,
The tears that followed after.

Oh, for a day of youth,
A day of strength and passion,
Of words that told the truth
And deeds that truth should fashion,
I could not grieve the loneliness,
One glory while it lasted.

Oh, for a day of days,
A day with you and pleasure,
Of love in all its ways,
And life in all its moments,
We are that day's dreamers
And let no day be dreamer.

—Wilfrid Stevenson Hunt in London Sun.

DUPED.

It is now many years since I first visited Paris, but if I live to be a centenarian I am certain I shall not forget that first journey from London while I remember anything. I was then young and inexperienced, but sufficiently vain to think myself a paragon of wisdom. Like most Londoners, I thought that wonderful city the very heart of the world, and all outside of it mere suburbs.

Well, one fine morning, which happened to be the twenty-first anniversary of my existence, finding myself the lordly proprietor of £1,000, I concluded to celebrate my freedom by running over to Paris and astonishing the natives. Fitting myself out in a style that had made me the envy of a Fawcett chief, I procured my passport and embarked for Calais. There were a great many more persons going over than I had expected to see, but I consoled myself with the probability that very few of them were destined for Paris, and that not a single one of them was quite as well dressed as myself.

I was pacing the deck of the steamer some two hours later when I felt a light tap on my shoulder and heard a very pleasant voice say:

"Pardon me, my lord, but may I venture to ask if you are destined for Paris?"

Now, I was in reality very far from being a lord, or even the kin of a lord, but there was something so very agreeable in the title that I felt no special anxiety to disown it. I turned to the speaker and beheld a rather handsome, well-dressed young man of perhaps 25, who smiled and held out his hand, adding:

"I'll wager a champagne supper, viscount, you are at one of your old tricks again, traveling incognito. Well," he continued, heartily shaking my hand, "well met, I trust, and how are my Lord and Lady Albany?"

Drawing myself up with an air intended to show a noble breeding, I said very stiffly:

"You are mistaken, sir—Albany is not my family name."

"A thousand pardons, my lord," he exclaimed the other in surprise. "I see my mistake now; you are not my old friend, the viscount, but so like him that better eyes than mine have been deceived. Pardon me again if I seem to trespass upon your good nature by introducing myself to your notice as the Hon. Robert Beaumont, youngest son of Lord Cardvale."

"Very happy, sir, to make your acquaintance," returned I, with a very stiff bow. "But why," I pursued, feeling internally more flattered than I wished to have appear, and really delighted that I had come in contact with one of England's peerage aristocracy, "why do you address me as if you knew me to be one of the nobility?"

"Because, my lord," your whole manner shows to an experienced eye you are not a commoner."

"You are right," said I, with a smile intended to convey the impression that his shrewdness had penetrated my disguise.

"I knew it, my lord," he triumphantly exclaimed, "I knew it!"

I did not caution him against addressing me according to my supposed rank, for besides the fact that the flattering sound was very agreeable to my ears I counted on its being disclosed to or overheard by others, and thus being mysteriously elevated in their estimation.

Long before we had crossed the channel the Hon. Mr. Beaumont and myself had become very intimate. He had traveled a great deal, and of course I was in luck to fall in with him on this account, for my nothing of his being a son of a lord. He was going to show me Paris and French life, and I must leave all to him. He would look at my passport and also overhaul my trunk and tell me the exact amount of duty I should have to pay. This he did and then observed:

"Oh, a matter of 10 guineas will see you through all right, my lord! Yours is a mere trifle—I wish mine was as little—it will cost me a cool 100, but I suppose you left at home all except absolute necessities, as I ought to have done. By the way, as we are nearing Calais now, you may just hand me the amount, and I will arrange it without giving your lordship any trouble whatever. Yet stay!" he immediately added, with a veiled expression, "What am I thinking about, talking money affairs to your lordship. I understand those things, and I'll arrange all. Put your baggage with mine, and we'll make it all right at the end of the journey."

I began to think it was going to cost me something to keep up my title.

As we drew near Calais all was excitement and bustle on board our steamer, each one anxious to look out and get possession of his baggage and otherwise arrange for getting ashore at the earliest possible moment. As my friend had so kindly volunteered to take all trouble and responsibility off my hands, I felt very easy and contented and was amusing myself with the fleet of little boats that had gathered around us when the Hon. Mr. Beaumont came hurrying up and drew me apart from the others.

"I find," he said, "I have not gold enough to pay the duties and get us to Paris. Could you oblige me with change for a £500 or so?"

"Unfortunately," I replied, "I have not more than 50 guineas in my possession, the rest of my funds being in a draft on Delamort & Co., Paris."

"How unfortunate! What is to be done! By the bye, will you let me see your draft, my lord?"

I produced it.

"Stay a minute till I speak to the captain," he said. "I think I can arrange it."

He hurried away with the draft in his hand. For the first time I felt a little suspicion of some trick and awaited his return with some anxiety. He came back, however, in about 10 minutes and asked me for my passport, saying he

thought he could get through without any trouble. As we had not yet reached the pier, I handed him that, but with the resolve to have it back before going ashore.

When some 10 minutes later he returned with a cheerful smile, and folding up my papers put them in my hand, with the remark that all was right, I was no schamer of my late suspicions that I felt myself bluish.

"The clerk," he said, "has changed my note at a fair discount, giving me half gold and the rest in bills on the Bank of France. By the bye, my lord, suppose you take a few. You may want to see them before you get your small draft cashed."

I declined at first, but he insisted so strongly on my taking and carrying them, even though I thought I might not want to use them, that at first, fearing longer refusal would hurt his feelings, I consented to put them in my pocketbook.

Under the management of my friend, who spoke French as fluently as English, everything got on smoothly, and I soon found myself transferred from the steamer to a fine hotel—without, as he had said, having any trouble whatever. Our passports meantime had been given up and sent on to Paris, and temporary ones, as is the custom, had been furnished us in place of them.

I will pass over the remainder of the journey with the simple remark that every moment more and more endeared me to my agreeable and aristocratic friend, and the only regret I had was in the fact of being in a false position, which sooner or later he might discover, to my grief and shame.

On finally arriving at Paris our passports were again demanded, and no sooner was mine examined than the officer informed me that I was under arrest and must come with him. My French was none of the best, but in my surprise and consternation I made the best use of it I could and demanded what was meant by such proceedings.

"You will find that out at your examination," was his sharp reply.

Then we were whirled to the office of a magistrate, and I was unceremoniously hurried into a small, close room, half filled with police officers, secret agents and lawyers. On the bench sat a small, withered specimen of humanity, with a wig on his head and spectacles on his forehead.

"Well," he said, jerking down his spectacles and taking a good stare at me, as did all the others, "what now?"

As I could understand French much better than I could speak it, I was able to make out what was said, and to my utter astonishment I now heard myself accused of being a notorious swindler and counterfeiter.

"What is your name?" demanded the commissary.

"Ralph Hodge," said I.

"An alias," said one of the police officers. "On his passport is Robert Beaumont."

"A mistake, then," cried I. "That is the name of the gentleman that came over from London with me. He took my passport and must have changed it by mistake."

The officers smiled incredulously and exchanged glances with each other and the magistrate, and the latter shaking his head said it wouldn't do.

"My draft on Delamort & Co. will prove it," exclaimed I, bethinking myself of that and producing it with trembling eagerness.

The commissary glanced over it and frowned.

"Another mistake perhaps," he said with ironical bitterness, pointing to the name of Robert Beaumont.

The truth now flashed upon me. My companion then was no other than a professional villain, who had played upon my foolish vanity and made me his dupe and scapegoat. I tried to make the magistrate comprehend the true state of the case, but he either did not or would not understand me.

After a good deal of trouble and delay, however, I managed to get the British embassy interested in my case, and in course of time the truth came out, and I was set at liberty. My money had all

been drawn through long before, and the villain who had robbed and galled me was safe across the frontier checking over the arts by which he had defrauded a fool.—E. B. in New York News.

Old Time Christmas.

I cannot but sigh sometimes for the simplicity of the original Christmas or that of the middle age, when the yule log blazed on the hearth and the hearth had greeted the board. There is something very attractive about all this, in theory, but I do not fancy the reality where the rushes on the floor caught the refuse for the rats and dogs to eat, even while the dinner was going on. And, while I would not go back to this in its entirety, I would be glad to see some of its simplicity infused into our social life of today with its artificiality and its petty jealousies and bickerings.—Boston Home Journal.

A Familiar Experience.

You lose things—things that you have put away so very carefully that you cannot track them yourself. You search and search until you could cheerfully howl, so deep is your despair. It's of no use. They are nowhere. You get more like them if you can, or make some miserable substitute do, or suffer for want of them. And then some time you come across them, put away, oh, so neatly, so wisely, where no one, not even you, would ever think of looking.—Boston Commonwealth.

Progress In Mexico.

Some idea may be had of the rapid progress being made in the republic of Mexico when it is known that the ground heretofore used for bull fights in the state of Puebla will be used for the purpose of constructing upon it an educational institution and a grand hotel.

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